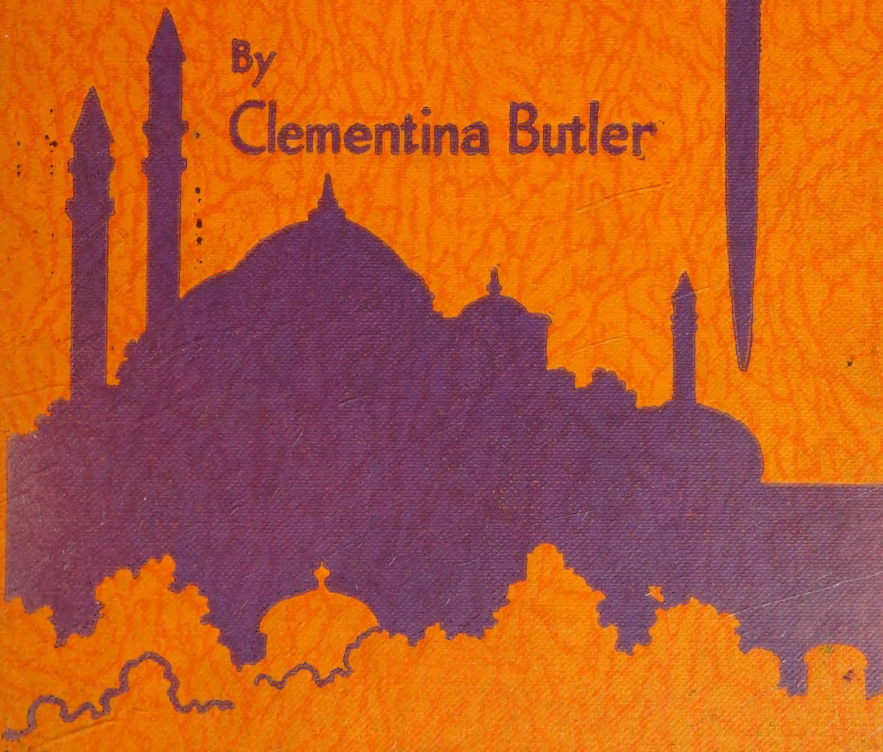
TROPHIES FROM THE MISSIONARY MUSEUM

By Clementina Butler



Central BAPTIST
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

presented by

LINWAYNE BAPTIST
CHURCH

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

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TROPHIES FROM THE MISSIONARY MUSEUM

THE CORONATION GARLAND

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Trophies From the Missionary Museum

By
CLEMENTINA BUTLER
Author of Pandita Ramabai Sarasvati, Ownership, etc.

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TO THOSE WHO WORK
AT THE HOME BASE

INTRODUCTION

THE curios described in this book are placed in the care of the Missionary Museum to be held as sacred treasures for the help of those who study the needs of the lands we call our mission fields. Some of them show very clearly wrongs which must be righted; others, the things we may learn from other peoples, a further number will, we hope, strengthen our trust in the care of our heavenly Father. All should surely lead us into a wider sympathy for those of His children who, as yet, are without the knowledge of His will and love which His Word has revealed to us.

The incidents recorded are true, and it is hoped that they may be used in our missionary meetings and be instrumental in bringing a touch of sympathy to our members. We seek not to criticize other peoples, but seek to express our debt to Him who has liberated us from fear and superstition; and to enlarge our love for those for whom Christ died and to whom we have the privilege of proclaiming the Good News of the Kingdom.

This, then, is the aim of the little book—to enable us the more fully to recognize our stewardship of the Good Tidings which transforms human lives. The highest joy possible to human life is to be found in Christ's Name and in work undertaken for His blessed sake.

C. B.

Boston, Mass.

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I

A THANK-OFFERING FOR A BIBLE

DURING the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, Dr. and Mrs. William Butler, the pioneer missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India, were able to escape from Bareilly shortly before a terrible massacre took place, and found shelter in a valley in the Himalaya Mountains, where for eight months they endured a siege in which three thousand Sepoys attempted to overcome the little garrison. The only reason that they could hold out was because there were only two passes into the little valley. One they were able to defend, but they had not men enough to cover the other entrance. Providentially it happened that there were two kings through whose territories the hostile armies would have to cross in order to reach this entrance. These two rulers, one a Nawab and the other a Rajah, were again and again solicited by the Mogul Emperor to allow this, but each refused. It was all the more remarkable because they knew that swift vengeance would be meted out to them in case the Delhi power should finally conquer.

When the Mutiny was over the British Government honoured these two kings at a fine Durbar, to which Dr. Butler was invited. When he went he was provided by the ruler with a beautiful garland made of gold tinsel and adorned with imitation jewels. As he walked up to the palace grounds of the Rajah, the elephants, which were drawn up on either side of the road, saluted every man who wore

this mark of the king's guest. It was a modern illustration of the parable of our Lord concerning the wedding garment.

The ceremony was very impressive, yet Wm. Butler did not feel satisfied, for he felt that his own personal debt to these two rulers was so great that he wished to make an acknowledgment. Also he wished to place a Christian expression before these two men who had stood for their protection, practically against the tenets of their faith, therefore he sent to London to the British and Foreign Bible Society an order for a Bible in the vernacular of each of these men —the Nawab being a Moslem, using Urdu, while the Rajah spoke Hindi. Each volume was to be bound in the most beautiful fashion possible, with gold tooling and rich white satin lining of the covers.

When these Bibles reached India they were formally presented. The Nawab, while apparently greatly pleased at the attention, declined to receive it because he said he could not accept the Christian's book; the Rajah, however, was delighted with his present, and in token of his appreciation of the honour placed upon the neck of the missionary a magnificent gold Här or gârland. It was one of his coronation garlands. It is so large that, placed around the neck of a person of ordinary height, the fringe of the medallions in front touch the floor. These medallions are decorated with Hindu symbols and elaborate designs. Its intrinsic value must be considerable, because the gold thread of which it is made is untarnished today, seventy years after its presentation as a thank-offering for a Christian Bible.

The Rajah, in accepting the precious Book, said that he hoped to read it and to follow its precepts. Later, he contributed to the support of two preachers and certain mission schools in his district. Not long after, there were sixteen

Sunday Schools with over three hundred pupils and three thousand Christians among his people.

II

THE LAW OF THE HOUSEHOLD

IT was a hot day in Jerusalem. We entered the door of the synagogue reverently. The services had already begun, so, as quietly as possible, we took seats in about the centre of the house. My father, as was his custom in any place of prayer, removed his hat and bowed his head, joining in the petition which was being offered to God our Father, the Jehovah of Israel. Some of us can find no higher expression of our religious life than in the Psalms of David, the author of which merely dreamed of a Messiah, but had communion with his Father, the God of Israel, and his songs of adoration help us in our communion with his Father and our Father.

As the prayer closed, we found there was something wrong, and soon a venerable Jew came and spoke very earnestly, but we were utterly without comprehension of what he desired. Finally he lifted up my father's hat and placed it on his head. We then discovered that all the men in the synagogue had their hats on, and my father, in trying to be reverent, had really offended against their custom. Next I was politely escorted to the women's gallery, where I sat with my sisters, the daughters of Israel, behind a screen, while the services proceeded. It was truly the old, orthodox form of worship, and we were glad to comply with their custom.

I noted particularly that the men had on phylacteries—the little leather boxes containing the words of the law

THE LAW OF THE HOUSEHOLD

which are bound on their foreheads and also under their left arm in accordance with the law:

"Lay up these, my words, in your heart . . . and bind them for a sign upon your hand . . . and upon the door posts upon thine house and upon thy gates; that your days may be multiplied and the days of your children . . . as the days of heaven upon the earth". (Deut. 11:18, 20, 21).

Later, someone took us to see the phylactery which fulfills the last item of this command. We entered an orthodox Jewish house, and there, beside the door, was nailed this little tin case, rather roughly made, but having within it a bit of parchment with the Law of God. At the opening, through a piece of glass, could be deciphered the name (El Shaddhai), and every orthodox Jew, in passing through this door, touched the glass with his lips in obedience to the command.

Few seemed to have heard of this door-post phylactery,

and yet I rejoiced in it because, at least, the women were included in this part of the observance of the law. Though denied the phylacteries worn in the synagogue, on the forehead and against the heart, they had a right to touch their lips to the glass over the sacred name of God, and they had the right to command their children that they obey this law.

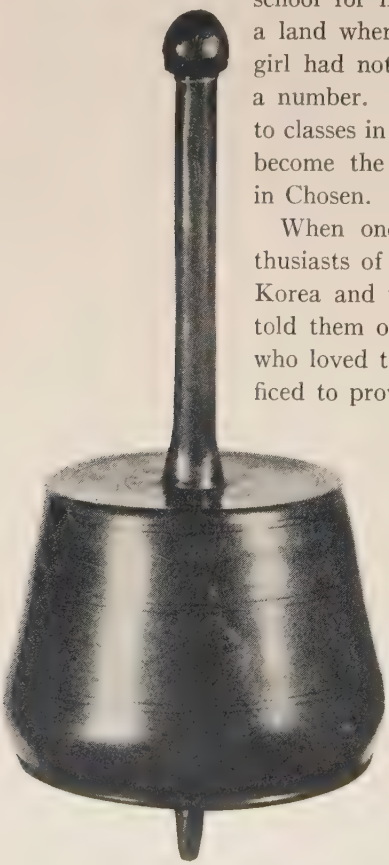
If, in the homes of our Christian people, the commands of God's law could be translated into the thought of stewardship, not only in the minds and the affection of the father of the family, but made the law of the household for the observance of which the woman should have her share of the responsibility in teaching the children the Divine command that they should acknowledge God the great Jehovah, through a systematic presentation of His claim upon their heart's affection, upon their talents and their possessions, would not the foundations of our Republic be more secure and our nation more Christian? As we build our new homes, shall we not place upon the door-post the unseen phylactery, and make the rule of the household the law of El Shaddhai—God?

III

THE GIFT BELL FROM KOREA

THIS is a splendid bronze bell fourteen inches high, hammered by an old Korean craftsman. Its tone is resonant, clear and compelling, but in what way does it differ from the thousands and thousands of bells that one sees in the Orient? One finds them in every temple; little ones in the hands of the priests on the banks of the sacred rivers; huge ones hanging in the temples in the lovely groves of Japan; others inside the doors ready for the worshipers to

hit with a sharp clangour, to awaken the sleeping gods. This bell is truly different. It has a unique distinction. It is the first one which was ever rung in Korea to call girls to a school for higher education—this in a land where, half a century ago, a girl had not even a name, but only a number. This bell summons girls to classes in the institution which has become the first college for women in Chosen.



The Gift Bell from Korea

When one of the missionary enthusiasts of this land was visiting in Korea and went to this college, she told them of the women in America who loved them, and who had sacrificed to provide this opportunity for the daughters of their land. The girls were very much stirred by this presentation, and made up their minds that they would send a gift back to that wonderful missionary society, which had made such a great opportunity possible for them.

So, by the hand of Miss Helen Kim, they sent their beloved bell, and as she appeared in American audiences she rang it for us, with her eyes shining and her face wreathed in smiles. With the bell came this letter from the girls:

Ewha, Haktang,
Seoul, Korea,
January 2, 1923.

Dear Friends in the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society:

We received much love from you when Mrs. Johnson came to Korea. We send our love and thanks to you. We are going to send you our dear loving bell which has had so much meaning for us. It calls us to our Sunday morning service, King's Daughters' circles, our class-hour, literary Society, and many things in our School. It wakes us from sleeping, and helps us to be diligent. It tells us to do something in time. Sometimes, it rebukes us by its ringing, if we are late.

This useful, heavy and old bell desired to call all the women in Korea to educate and comfort them and teach them how to live the pure Christian life which will lift up our nation. But we send this friend to you, because we cannot go there and tell you what we need. As it reaches there, it will ring instead of us. It will ask for more missionaries, more love and sympathy. It will tell you what we have done and what we will do. As long as it stays there, you will hear its crying for the past, its wondering for the present, and its dreaming and laughing for the future of our life.

I hope you will please treat it kindly and listen well to what it says and help much in what it asks. I am very glad to write this letter to you, dear friends, who love and help us so much, for Christ's sake. I am one of the college students in Ewha.

Let us know each other more closely, through this old bell's ringing voice.

I will thank you very much, if I see you sometime.

Yours lovingly,
Kathryn Kim.

IV

THE BIEN FROM CHINA

A LITTLE girl came into a home in Pennsylvania, where there were sturdy older brothers. The child was not strong physically, but had an indomitable will, and whatever her brothers did, she must also do. One day the boys were using an adze to strip the bark off a tree, and little Rachel, when they were not looking, got hold of the heavy tool. She succeeded in stripping off some of the bark, but the adze slipped and severed a ligament above her knee. The result was a long, long illness, but when the child recovered she determined that although her leg was drawn up, she would not let the accident handicap her any more than was absolutely necessary. On crutches she went, through grammar school and finally through high school and then, possibly because her own suffering had made her sympathetic, she determined to study medicine. It was nothing short of heroic for her to take the course and graduate in medicine and surgery, and then offer herself to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society for service in China. Many strong young physicians were declining to go, but Rachel Benn went and gave eighteen years of devoted, successful service in one of our mission hospitals. Critical operations were performed while she was supported on one crutch, and the amount of good she accomplished is almost beyond belief.

Her praise is not only on the lips of the missionary workers and the records of the missionary society, but a wonderful testimonial comes from China itself. During the war with Japan, hundreds of wounded Chinese soldiers were under Dr. Benn's care, in the mission hospital. There was no substantial reward given by these patients, but she

THE BIEN FROM CHINA

experienced great joy in her own heart, by relieving suffering and saving lives. Before she left China for the last time however, a Bien (an honorary tablet) was sent to her from the government. It is a piece of heavy wood, about four feet long and two wide. The background is painted in rich Chinese blue and raised on it in heavy carved letters is the following inscription:

"To the physician from the beautiful country,
Who loves to do works of mercy."

And over this inscription is the autograph of the last Emperor of China.

The crippled body held a stalwart soul, and in the strength of Christ Dr. Benn was enabled to impress the spirit of the good Samaritan upon the people of North China, and back of the missionary were the women who made it possible for her to go, and show so effectively the spirit of the sympathizing Christ.

V

SO BUDDHA, BEAUTIFUL!

FOR he was beautiful—this young prince who had so much to live for in the splendour of his father's court and with his lovely young wife—that he should give up all and go into the forest, for the sake of seeking a message! It is more like the crusader of more modern times than anything we read of in his age, outside of the writings of the Chosen People. One must honour him for his altruism, for his earnest quest after the truth, and we may even venture to credit him (if we take his teachings without the modern incrustation of superstition and corruption which

dims his message today) with being the author of the best man-made religion, which claims the allegiance of millions of hearts.

Yet what did he accomplish? A beautiful theory without inspiration, a religion without a living head, a heaven without a God. One finds his image, occasionally, representing him as a teacher, with hand upraised; but, far oftener, in the attitude of meditation or even of slumber. Our hearts ache when we look at his image in the beautiful temples of Japan or China, and realize that the people c o n s i d e r him asleep; so that, when they come to worship they must ring a bell to waken him, that he may be roused to pity for their condition. As in the days of the prophet who taunted the worshippers of Baal that they should make a great noise to waken him, for "perchance he is asleep," so these mothers, with their sick children; these wives with their husbands in need or in danger: with their own hearts burdened with burdens almost too

So Buddha, Beautiful!

heavy to be borne, must ring, and ring and ring, to claim the attention of the sleepy Buddha?

Have you ever been in danger in the night watches? Have you ever said to yourself, over and over again: "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep"? If this has been a comfort to your affrighted soul, then you know the difference between a Buddha who offers you Nirvana, and a God who offers you everlasting life.

VI

THE TRIDENT

JUST as the old Greek mythology gave to Neptune, so India gives to Vishnu, the second member of the Hindu Triad, the Trident, as the symbol of power. There is no space here to go into the philosophy or even the history of Hinduism. We are concerned particularly with this Trident as it touches the lives of some of the common people, the masses of the village-folk, who look, not at the teaching behind the symbol, but who endow the symbol itself with miraculous power.

This Trident stood in a little house in a dusty village of southern India. It was a source of great harm, because the people believed it had power to cure sickness, and so, instead of taking their sick to the government dispensary in the city not far away, or permitting the ministration of the nurse from the mission hospital, they would seek the aid of the Trident. For a sufficient consideration in money or goods, the owner of the Trident would bring it out of its little shrine, place upon each prong a lime and some green leaves, and bear it, accompanied by a procession of curious folk, to the side of the sick person. Various incantations

would be recited, and the sick were then supposed to get well. The Trident was then taken back to its shrine. Meanwhile, the opportunity for real healing by the ministry of doctor or nurse had been lost. Therefore this form of idolatry was a menace to the community.

It chanced that a missionary succeeded in becoming friendly with the wife of the owner of the Trident, who came, at last, to believe in Christianity and to appreciate what the missionary said: that the Trident was doing harm; that sick people were dying because of their trust in the symbol, that if they would give it up the people would turn to the hospital and, in many cases, their lives would be saved. The woman agreed that this was so, but she would not give it up. One day, however, when the missionary was visiting the house, her conscience evidently had overcome her fear and her desire for gain from the misfortune of her people; so in a whisper she asked

THE TRIDENT

the missionary if she would be willing to take it away, or would she be afraid to carry such a powerful thing? The missionary, not being afraid, agreed to remove it. The woman took it out of the shrine and handed it over with much precaution, though she was convinced it was not God. Still the superstition of the millions around her, and the hoary tradition of the ages, could not be shaken off, all at once. So she begged the missionary to touch it *very gently*. The Trident was carried home and placed on a table in the living room without any untoward happening.

That night, as the missionary was preparing to retire, an old Hindu woman to whom she had given shelter—one of the starving folk who came in such misery to her door, and who had rendered simple services in return for food and lodging—came in from the courtyard. It was her custom to sleep on a mat at the foot of the missionary's bed, and if there were any disturbance among the orphan children in the school dormitories, it was her duty to go to find out what was the matter, or to administer medicine, thus saving the missionary's health and strength by permitting her to get her night's rest. This woman was, as yet, untouched by any Christian teaching, and when she entered the room that night and saw the Trident, she screamed in terror. " Oh, what have you done? " she cried. " You have brought the great god here; he will be very angry; he will kill us; he will send cholera and plague against us. We will all be dead by morning! "

The woman was in a panic, almost insane with fear; so the missionary tried to quiet her, saying she would put it out of sight. But the woman said, " No, don't let any one touch it; you will be killed! "

Finally the missionary, in order to pacify her, called one of the young men employed about the house to come and remove the Trident. Not that she was afraid of it, but

there would be no peace in the house as long as this woman shrieked in terror. But even this did not satisfy the poor body.

" Don't let Joseph touch it," she cried; " he is a young man with a family. You don't want him killed. Get Solomon. He is an old man, anyhow, and will have to die soon." So, to humour the poor woman's excitement, the decrepit old doorkeeper was summoned and told to carry the Trident down into the courtyard for the night. He departed to the frantic woman's exhortations to " treat it very gently, very gently."

The missionary thought she could now settle down for the night, but no sooner was she dozing off than the woman again began to scream.

" Oh," she cried, " the god is coming with vengeance. I am sick, I am going to die."

Sure enough, the missionary found that the woman was in a high fever; she worked over her for some time, giving her some quieting medicine and finally, almost in a state of exhaustion, lay down again. But hardly had she dozed off for the second time, when she was roused by terrible screams from the woman and shouts from the street outside, and shrill cries from the orphanage. Her bed shook with the rocking of the house. The woman cried out, again, that " The god has come and will kill us all." Meanwhile the tumult outside grew even louder and a strange terror gripped the missionary's heart. In that moment of panic in the darkness, surrounded by terrified human beings (as she confessed to me later) there came into her mind an awful doubt, " Could it possibly be true, that Vishnu had power, that he was indeed a god? "

After an anxious moment reason reasserted itself, and she realized it was an earthquake that had terrified her and the neighbours. It was a singular thing that in that city, where

there had not been an earthquake for seventeen years, one should come on this night of all nights! My missionary could laugh about it later, but it was no laughing matter at the time, and you who read, who probably have never felt an earthquake, and have never known the despairing sensation which comes upon one when the solid earth seems to give way under one's feet, must not misjudge this missionary.

Nor indeed must we fail to have compassion for the handful of Christians in India who, surrounded by millions of those who live in fear of this and kindred superstitions, knowing that their ancestors for ages have believed these things, find it difficult to rid themselves from these ancient superstitions. There is far more excuse for them if they occasionally shun the place where there is a noted shrine, than there is for the so-called Christians in this enlightened country to be afraid of the number thirteen, or to feel uncomfortable when they spill a little salt. How many hotels in this country dare to have a room number thirteen? All superstition is ignorance, and those who believe in the Heavenly Father's love, whether in this or in any other land, have no right to be afraid of anything, since we have the assurance that our Heavenly Father careth for us.

VII

TWO ARTISTS

IN the hearts of certain rare souls there comes the desire to express beauty. Some do it through music, and give us the great symphonies of the ages; some, with brush and paint, give us the immortal pictures of our great galleries,

while others have no opportunity through which their highest visions may be expressed. One can but admire the courageous soul which uses the material at hand. If, as Ruskin says, "art is the making of useful things beautiful, and beautiful things useful," the humblest artisan may, by the use of things at hand, pass into the ranks of those more clearly entitled to be called artists. Let us consider two such men: About four hundred years ago there was a blacksmith in central China who had a friend—an artist—who painted exquisite pictures. One day the blacksmith told his friend how he longed to paint, but the superior man scorned the humbler man's ambitions, saying that he could do nothing, as he was only trained to the handling of rude iron.

The man went home disheartened, but that night he dreamed a dream, and a voice said to him, "Use the materials at hand." The next day he began to experiment with the iron at his forge,

Chinese Iron Picture

and succeeded in making it malleable, ductile, a medium through which he made pictures suggesting the thought in his mind in very simple ways. Houses in outline, people going about their daily tasks, the farmer with his hoe, a fisherman with his rod, trees overhanging the stream, and at the top, with his primitive idea of per-

An Indian Straw Picture

spective, the mountains which he loved. The name of this true artist, whose effective work has been copied by others, though the pictures are truly rare, was Tang Tien Chih. He may be called the father of the modern outline sketch, but surely his pictures teach us the love of nature as he made simple things beautiful, and also the far higher lesson that to each one of us is given a gift, and by using the materials at hand we may find true opportunity for service.

The second artist comes from another country. He was an Indian in Mexico and he longed to make pictures, but neither paint nor brush was available. Ordinary broom-straw grew near the door of his hut, so he began experimenting with that rude material, colouring the straws and pasting them on a background until he, too, had made a picture. There are many who follow his teaching. The specimen of this craft showed here is an attempt to picture something of tremendous local interest. It is recorded, when Cortez landed in Mexico with his horses gaily caparisoned, and his men in picturesque uniforms, that the Emperor Montezema, in the City of Mexico, soon knew what these strange creatures looked like, for his artist-runners descended the mountains and made pictures of the invaders and then sped back with their faithful representation of the strange beings which breathed fire and smoke.

So this modern Indian was impressed by the railroad train which puffed over the plain and over the mountain inclines for the first time in 1873. Even the name which they called the new iron monster is picturesque, they called it Tepos Calpopocahuilahaloni, which is made up as follows: *Tepos*—iron; *Cal*—house; *Popoca*—which smokes; *Huilahaloni*—that drags itself along.

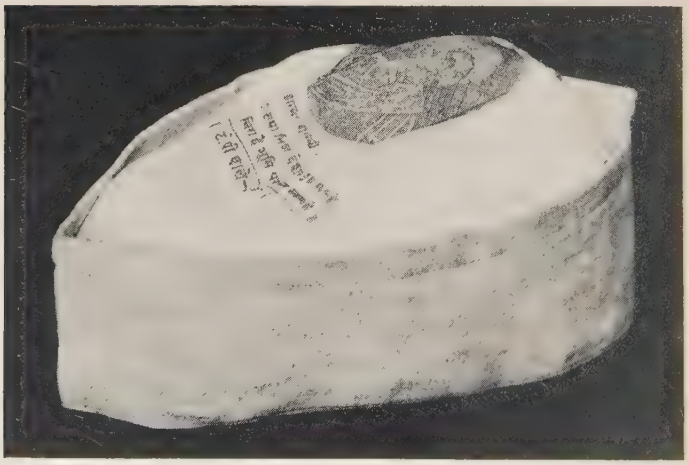
Does not the name paint the picture, as well as the Indian who so cleverly used his broom-straw?

VIII

THE GANDHI CAP

IT is impossible to estimate the power of a single word, which, launched at the right time under favouring conditions, may move a whole nation. Instance the word

which Mahatma Gandhi has used to stir all India: "non-cooperation." It is the weapon by which he expects to destroy the power of the British in Hindustan. His loyal followers have accepted his dictation regarding the use of the product of native looms for clothing, rejecting foreign manufactured goods, and most of his followers wear the Gandhi cap. As pictured here, one can distinguish his portrait and some of his patriotic sentences printed on the coarse, cotton cloth.



The Gandhi Cap

It is not our province to go into political discussion either for or against the plans of Gandhi or other Hindu patriots. We are concerned with the word "non-cooperation," and the power which it has exerted as it has run like wildfire throughout the land. Is it possible for a great institution of any kind to exist for any extended period without loyal cooperation behind the leader of the body?

The lesson which the cap may bring to us is of the danger

to the Christian Church embodied in the fact that so many who bear the name of Christ are living in a state of non-cooperation with the one to whom they all too lightly ascribe the title King of kings and Lord of lords! A greater danger than any foe from without would be the non-cooperation of the membership. Jesus Christ came into the world to accomplish a great task, and He needs our cooperation. "Ye are my friends if ye *do* whatsoever I command you."

Indifference will kill a great project. Disloyalty will overthrow the greatest enterprise. The world cannot be made Christian by the work of a few leaders, a few self-sacrificing missionaries. Everyone who loves the Lord Jesus Christ must cooperate to the fullest measure to which they are capable, if peace on earth is to come through the establishment of His blessed Kingdom.

The Oriental is given to express himself in pictures. At a camp meeting in India, the Christians were trying to declare their full consecration to their new Master. One man was not able to make an eloquent speech, but he did desire to express his loyalty, so, standing up among his fellows, he lifted his little cap (one not unlike this used for the followers of Gandhi), and held it aloft for a moment. As he replaced it on his head he said: "All this cap covers belongs to Jesus Christ."

IX

GOLDEN LILIES

THEY are very attractive, these little embroidered shoes that cover the tiny feet, bound in childhood and never allowed to pass beyond a certain measure. True,

all shoes are not as tiny as this one which, however, was worn on the foot of the cook in a missionary household in Foochow. In the northern part of China the golden lilies, possibly because of Manchu influence, were not so small, but in any case the torture to the little child was indescribably cruel and the handicap on free movement and the harm to the health of the mature woman was an immeasurable evil in the nation.

It was a representative of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society who first took the stand that no bound-footed girl could enjoy the privileges of her school. It was a preposterous idea, for naturally every mother who could afford the time to bind the girl's feet and to wait on her during the years when she would be so crippled that others must serve her, wanted to have her daughter a lady, and no lady could have large feet. In this, she was kin to the American mother who has high aspirations for her daughter's social position. But the missionary persisted, and with her own hands undid the bandages and bathed the crippled members of one such girl and gently massaged them night after night to relieve the agony of the muscles stretching to new positions. She stood with the girl in sympathy as she endured the stares of curious folk and the shrug of derision, and upheld her courage as she faced the idea of being queer and old-fashioned, and decidedly ahead of the times. After this one experiment, others found that they could take the stand also; but how little the missionary body can do with the millions of great China, whose fate is so deeply intrenched in the traditions of the sacred past!

There may be many things against the old Dowager Empress, whose history did not favor missionary work or moral reforms, but we must give her credit that at last she got the courage to issue a proclamation in 1904 against foot-binding. Although the Manchus did not bind their

feet, it was a risk for her to go against the public opinion of the Chinese people; still we must give credit to her, for credit is due, that after all the centuries of this cruel custom she did speak out against it, and while her edict did not go far and her power soon disappeared, we hold in our missionary museum the copy of this edict which marks a great step forward in China's history.

May we pause to inquire what the missionary did with this girl, released from bondage? Did she take her into a liberty that was wise for the nation, or did she merely lessen her economic value? The story of one girl must illustrate the result of this innovation. In a certain town, a family had four daughters and no son, quite a calamity, as is easily seen. On the arrival of each girl-child, the father openly manifested his disappointment and finally his disapproval. He instructed his wife very clearly that her duty was to

A Bound Foot

Golden Lily Shoe
(Showing Actual Size)

give him a son who would be a credit to the family name and would worship at the grave of his ancestors. No more girls for *his* family! Alas, when the fifth child appeared it was a no-account girl. The father was ashamed to tell of the event in the village, and was exceedingly angry with his wife.

Naturally, the father wished to know what was the matter that he should be afflicted with so many girl-children. He sent finally for the village soothsayer, a blind, ignorant beggar, who had the gift of talking rapidly and saying very much about nothing, and had therefore achieved some fame. Let us not smile at this trait, either, for it is not confined to China.

After a fine feast, this man gave his decision. He said that the baby was an unlucky child and there would never be any luck in the household until she was given away or killed. The father accepted this as the only way out of the situation, but how could he give away a child who had the reputation of being unlucky? No sensible father would want to bring ill luck into his home. Therefore, the only thing was to let her die. There was no baby-tower in that village as there was outside of many towns in China, but there was a rubbish heap, and the decision was that the child was to be thrown away. There are wild dogs and there are vultures which hover over the village rubbish-heap. There would be no question of a final disposal of the unlucky little girl.

Just then one of the missionaries who had visited the family for some time came to see them, and the mother, whose heart ached for her little one and did not want her exposed on the rubbish-heap, for mother hearts are the same the world over, appealed to the missionary. For somehow or other she had found out that missionaries are not afraid of ill luck. That missionary had her hands full with a large

girls' school where sixty-eight lively Chinese youngsters demanded all of her time and attention, but she could not resist this appeal, so she took the little baby into her own home. Now, if this were a make-believe story, we would have the child very healthy and very good and no trouble, but since it is a true one, we must confess that the child had probably as many attacks of mumps and measles and colic and temper as the average child anywhere, and that missionary had broken nights and grave problems like other mothers. However, she brought the child through all these emergencies and found that she had a very bright mind. Beyond that she had a very happy way of caring for her sick comrades, so finally it dawned on this missionary's mind that here was the doctor that was so much needed in that district, with its more than three million people, in which there was at that time no scientifically trained physician. There were so-called doctors who recommended poultices of dried frogs and charms of lion's teeth, etc., and who knew all the places in the human body into which hot needles might be inserted to cure human ills (only sometimes they struck the wrong place), and even with some knowledge of medicinal herbs, but there was no one who knew anything of the marvellous modern medical science; so the missionary looked ahead through the years to the time when this young woman might be trained to alleviate the miseries of her sisters in that great district. She wrote home and asked for a scholarship, and some good woman who may never have known while she was on earth the results of her gift, paid for the passage to the United States and paid for the years in college and in the medical school, and then our no-account, unwanted, to be thrown away girl went back to China and was given a little hospital. Her record of successful ministry is known not only to the missionary body, but has attracted the attention of government

officials. Her influence is weighty in national affairs, and one may easily say that you could not select the five leading women of China and leave out her name.

It is for China to choose in the future whether to obey the edicts to unbind the feet and the teachings of all modern humanitarians or to keep to her aristocratic old ways. Shall she have the golden lilies or shall she have the golden chalice which brings life to the tortured human body and also the water of life to the immortal soul for whom Christ died?

X

OUR DOLL FROM AFRICA

ONE of the loveliest pictures ever painted of childhood is that of the little babe in the ark of bulrushes, smiling up into the face of a Royal princess, a proud woman of the royal line who was yet true woman enough to look with compassion on the babe of a slave race. We folk of modern civilization owe a great debt to this first foreign missionary minded woman, who not only saved the little child's life, but taught him all the wisdom of the Egyptians, so that through her life and ministry and the opportunities she afforded him was the preparation made for the just laws which are administered in our courts today.

And Africa, which we call the dark continent—but which we should call the continent with a white heart which has been left in darkness—did it not also give shelter to the Babe of Bethlehem, to the Lord's Anointed, when the Roman soldiers would have destroyed His life? We owe a great debt to Africa!

And now as to the doll. It was not only home-made but

home-grown. The little African girl wanted a dolly, and having no money to buy one and there being no shop in which to buy if she had possessed funds, she went out into her mother's farm patch and tied a string around a nice plump gourd, which under the hot sun grew rapidly, and as the string held it tight around the middle it bulged out above and below until one day the little lassie deemed it fat enough to cut from the vine. She coaxed her mother to

Doll from Africa

make some nice little ridges of hair just like those on her own head, to paint its round eyes and to decorate it with a limited supply of dress and a bountiful supply of beads, then the doll was ready to be hugged and loved and shown off to all her friends. A real dolly, and all her own!

One day a white man came around and, as his face was kindly, our little girl showed him her treasure. He had seen in his country many beautiful dolls with well made

bodies and beautiful faces and real curly hair and fine dresses, but he had not seen one for which its little mother had worked harder or shown more ingenuity in its making, so he coveted this one to bring back to his own land to show what could be done with imagination and courage. He wished to buy it. But what could he offer? Money was an unknown quantity to this little child of an African tribe, but he found a real bargain in his pocket, an ordinary box of matches! Such a wonderful thing to the child. Fire sticks! Lovely flashes of light which she could make in the dark night in the forest, so the bargain was struck, and she ran off with her new acquisition, and also probably to tie up another gourd that she might replace the precious doll.

Alas, the girls of Africa are meeting other white men, some of whom have not kind faces and honest hearts like the missionary, but they do have gifts to offer, and some of these precious girls are being tempted by these treasures and are selling what is more valuable than their doll, the most precious thing they possess, for the glittering baubles, and then they are being burned body and soul by the fires which they have lighted.

In 1857, David Livingstone said in Cambridge, England, " Gentlemen, I direct your attention to Africa! " Our little doll seems to cry out—or is it a voice behind her, the voice of One who was a little child in Africa—does *she* say, or does *He* say to the women of Christendom: " I plead for attention to the maidenhood of Africa! " May the Christian school soon stand as a bulwark of protection for these little ones, until they shall know what is their true worth and their value as daughters of the King.

XI

OUR DOLL FROM MEXICO

THERE are times when one would like to remind all writers of a certain one of the ten commandments, for it is one which is hardest for certain people to keep. Instead of having for our neighbour republic a true sympathy and a willingness to appreciate its efforts to bring about peace and justice and righteousness, we allow our prejudices to be aroused by unfair comments. For instance, one magazine writer went to Mexico, where he spent a couple of months and then wrote his impressions: that there were fourteen millions of bandits in Mexico who liked nothing better than to take their guns and go out and kill and destroy.

Such a statement was deplorable enough, yet many must have believed it, inasmuch as it was copied in the daily press. Fourteen million bandits, and that means practically the entire population! Grey-haired old grandmothers, sweet mothers with their babes in their arms, and laughing little children,—what will such a writer do when he faces the God of justice who gave us this law, THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS AGAINST THY NEIGHBOUR?

During seven years in Mexico I have never seen a bandit, but I have seen many gracious, fine men, many charming hostesses, and oh, many, many attractive lovable children. Let me tell you the story of one of them, and you shall judge whether she should be called a bandit or not.

It chanced that I met, in a dear home in Mexico, a little girl of about seven, just as dimpled and round-cheeked as any little girl in our own land, just as full of play and interest in life. We became great friends, Maria and I. When leaving Mexico, I made a little gift. The child was much

Our Doll from Mexico

pleased, and asked her auntie, with whom she lived, what she could send as a present to the Señorita. The auntie very wisely left it to the child to choose, so she looked over her treasures. There were American dolls, English dolls, French dolls and Mexican dolls of various sorts, for she is a great pet in the household, but there was one doll that she loved particularly. It was a doll made by the Indians out of rushes, like the thing of which they weave their mats for the floor. It was very light and the child could carry it under her arm for hours without getting tired, and she certainly loved her Peter, for he was a gentleman doll, with a nice big broad farmer's hat on, and sandals on his feet, and the proper number of fingers on his hands, all most skillfully woven out of the rude material. Also his face was very cleverly made, his eyes and mouth had the proper holes woven for them and his nose was woven on, so it could not be pulled off easily. Altogether, Peter is a bit of excellent handicraft though in such crude material.

Little Maria must have loved me, for she said: "I will send my Peter to the Señorita." So it came to me, and I prize it very highly, because it is a love-gift from a dear little girl in Mexico. Others may call the people of our neighbouring republic bandits and similar unkind names, and for the prejudice which they thereby excite they shall have to answer in the day of judgment. Little Mary and her brothers and sisters are, to my mind, more fitly described in the words of One who spoke many years ago, "SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME, FOR OF SUCH ARE THE CHILDREN OF HEAVEN."

XII

BU TAO WUNG

WHY do we think so much of our Chinese doll? A doll as funny as this one which will not stay down when you tumble it over, but persists gaily in righting itself immediately and coming to the correct position? Bu Tao Wung is the Chinese name for these little dolls, which are on a loaded base and therefore jump up again when they are knocked over. Topsy-turvy dolls, our children in America call them. This little doll from our museum has its message for us.

The Chinese Christians have suffered for years a bitter persecution directed against them through accusations of lack of patriotism in political affairs. Their churches have been burned, their pastors imprisoned or killed, and they brought into great danger, in which they still stand, because of their faith in Christ. Yet a group of Chinese workers came together one day and there was enthusiasm in their hearts and gratitude as they exchanged reports concerning the growth of the Christian Church.

"We can plainly see," they said, "that Christianity is non-downable. We have come to call Christianity the Bu Tao Wung," they added.

No matter how much it is stricken down, no matter how great is the pressure against it or how many winds may buffet it, the Christian Church rises again.

St. Paul puts it in a more formal way regarding the Early Church: "We are pressed on every side," he says, "yet not straitened; perplexed, yet not unto despair; pursued, yet not forsaken; smitten down, yet not destroyed."

To the practical Chinese the name which he uses, Bu Tao Wung, expresses the same blessed assurance as the marvel-

lous words of Paul; therefore our Chinese doll is placed in the missionary museum, because they use it to express the unconquerability of the Christian faith.

XIII

OUR TEMPLE DOLL

Our Temple Doll

THERE are certain temples in India which have unusual fame as places where childless women should go to pray for the blessing of a son. Their hands must bear gifts and they stay a few days and worship. On leaving, a rudely fashioned little doll like this one is given to them. This is enough of its story for children. It is surely quite enough for the understanding, sympathetic hearts of missionary women.

XIV

OUR MOSLEM DOLL

QUITE ahead of the times, is our doll from a Moslem zenana, for her mother indulged in divided skirts long before the day when bicycles and riding astride and aviation made such an innovation possible in the Western world. Alas, on other lines she is not so up-to-date, for the illiteracy of the daughters of Islam is one of the most disheartening factors in our problem. But a brighter day is coming even for them. Turkey has ordered the adoption

of the Roman alphabet instead of the complicated Arabic symbols, and also the new calendar, so this dolly's little

Our Moslem Doll

mistress will date her letters—if she learns to write—*Anno Domini,* year of our Lord!

We also see that these modern girls of Islam are seeking and achieving freedom in social and political matters. They have won the right to inherit property. They are dropping the veil from their faces, thereby greatly shocking the orthodox heads of the families. One courageous woman has even had the temerity to sue her husband in the courts of Cairo. A man acknowledges to having taken, and properly divorced, according to the Moslem law, sixty wives in the last thirty years! All honour to the daughter of Islam who is rising up against injustice and wrong, but let us hope she will know how to balance her new liberties and not let them run into license!

Near the place from which this doll was brought the president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was talking through an interpreter to some women at a zenana party in a mission house. There were many ways in which they differed, this intelligent, educated woman from America and this Moslem woman who had come out from behind the purdah for this day only, as a special treat; but there was one thing on which they agreed and on which we agree most assuredly. Looking up into the face of this privileged woman from a Christian land, the sole mistress in her husband's home and heart, the daughter of Islam said to her with deep feeling, "The things of God are the most important!"

It was my good fortune to make an extended visit in the city of Hyderabad, the capital of the Deccan, the ruler of which, the Nizam, has more Moslem subjects than any potentate of Moslem faith in the world. We were anxious to see the city, famous for its treasures and for the glories of its mines of precious stones.

Who has not dreamed of Golconda as affording the riches of India for the glory of kings and emperors? See it we

must! So a trip was arranged by courtesy of a government official. Two state elephants, richly caparisoned, were sent for our party and also an escort of soldiers with drawn sabres. One of the missionaries objected to going with a military escort, and sent the soldiers back, but at the first police station we passed after entering the city, two mounted police were supplied and given the responsibility of seeing us safely conveyed.

Our way lay out past the great lake, from which the drinking water is brought for the use of his Royal Highness, the Nizam. It was an interesting tale we heard of the process by which this water supply is kept from contamination. A certain number of high officials are rowed out in a boat to the middle of the lake, and then a diver is divested of all his clothes and given a jar which he is to fill far down in the depths. The bottle being brought up, it is then sealed by the Court Official. Such is the care taken to safeguard the life of the sovereign.

We plodded over rice fields at the slow, majestic rate chosen by the elephants until we came within sight of the buildings erected over the mines. There we were told we must turn back, as the orders were to shoot at any one who came within three miles of the treasure house. This was rather disappointing, but the interest of the views enroute was enough to keep us from feeling that the day was wasted.

One of the zenana missionaries took me into some of the houses of the city. The gorgeous palaces were attractive, but not so much as the places where I could talk with the women. One of these attracted me particularly. She was a slight woman, quite young and remarkably happy. When we were admitted to the house we were escorted up a narrow stairway to a second story room with windows looking down on the courtyard. Our winsome little hostess was very

much interested in me because I was white and yet was not an English woman, like the missionary. She could not understand why, because we looked so much alike and were of the same religion, that we were not of the same nation. I was somewhat nonplussed to answer a question which she put to me. She asked if I did not think that her house was very nice. From the artistic standpoint I could hardly be truthful and say "Yes." But when the missionary did a little explaining, I very truthfully answered that I thought it was a fine house. For it certainly had two points of great advantage. In the first place, she was a second wife and had not been happy with number one, who was older and jealous, so her husband, who seemed to have real affection for her, gave her this house entirely for herself. From that standpoint it certainly was a beautiful place, but its great charm was in a window in this upper room faced the street. To be sure, it had no glass in it, but heavy wooden shutters with an iron hasp, fastened by a padlock and the key was missing, but the dear soul pointed out to me that high up in the boards there was a knot-hole about as big as a walnut, and by standing up on the bed she could look out and see the whole world for the first time in her life! She could see people passing in the street below, and the goats, the fowls, the camels and the state elephants, and she could see afar off the trees in the city park. Think of what a blissful experience for one to whom all these attractive sights had been shut out until the happy day when she came into this house. I no longer saw the mud bricks and the dusty courtyard, the bare furnishings, but I saw an open door before an eager mind. Of course it was beautiful, that house, to her, and because of her joy to me. For I remembered the grey-haired woman in a Moradabad zenana, who, when asked if she had ever seen grass, or flowers growing, or people on the street, shook her head sadly. She had seen

nothing outside the enclosing walls of the house where she was born, and those of the house to which she was taken as a bride.

My charming little hostess begged me to come to see her again, and as I was making quite a long stay in Hyderabad, I went, a week or so later, and was greeted most cordially by the dear little Moslem woman. Her first words somewhat surprised me. She told me she had heard all about America and she wanted me to stay in India, where I was safe. This again was somewhat mysterious until she explained that she had coaxed her husband to buy her a book about America, which he did. A very fine concession on his part, of course. It was evidently a history of the early settlers in New England, for she implored me not to return to a country where the Red Men cut off the scalps of the white people. I was happy to assure her that I was never in any danger of being scalped in my own country; that things were really a little better than in those days of which she had read.

In the interval between my calls the missionary had told me something of this woman. She had visited her for nearly two years, overcoming very slowly the prejudice and fear which existed in her mind, but finally love and the message had won her heart. One day when the missionary arrived to give her lesson she found the woman had prepared to show her high honours by giving her something nice to drink. There on the table in the little upper room, awaiting her, was a bottle of whisky! The woman explained that she had induced her husband to go to the bazaar and ask what it was that Christians liked best to drink, and this was the result.

The missionary very carefully explained that, though white people were of the so-called Christian nations, that they were not all real Christians. She used the illustration

of the gold ornaments, such as the woman wore. That those which were really of pure gold throughout were valuable and could be depended upon, while other cheap ornaments were only gilded on the surface. She used the words "cutcha" and "pukha," which every Hindustani person understands to mean things that are right, sound to the core, or a miserable imitation. The woman seemed to understand at last that *true* Christians did not drink whisky.

During the week that intervened before the missionary's next visit, the woman asked her husband to take the bottle back to the bazaar and say that what she wanted was the drink that *good* Christians liked, so there on the table, to meet the messenger of God, was a bottle of champagne!

Alas for the picture of Christianity as seen in the biggest Moslem centre of all India!

No, the explanation had to be made all over again, and even more delicately this time, because she could not say that all true Christians refrained from taking champagne. It is undoubtedly true that the missionaries' task would be easier if they could keep out of the field the unworthy element which brings no honour to the name of Jesus Christ.

It was a long step for this woman to go when she arranged for my entertainment on the second visit, when she showed me the highest honour of which she was capable, for she cooked some food for me with her own hands. It was brought up by a young lad, on a tray, and then very thoughtfully she left us alone to partake of the feast. We deeply appreciated her kindness, but when we tasted the compound we were somewhat nonplussed. The Orient likes its sweet things very sweet as a rule, and its flavourings rather lavishly used, but the dear woman had exceeded herself this time. As far as we could make out, it was composed of equal parts of milk and sugar with a little thickening and a heavy dose of aromatic sweet perfumed

flavouring. We each took a taste and then looked at each other. What should we do? We gazed around, but there was no place where the contents of those cups could be put. If either of us had had a leather handbag it might have been sacrificed to the emergency, but it was hot weather and we had only light dresses, and there was no possible way of escape. My friend groaned and declared she could not take it, but I felt that we must. Our gracious little hostess had cooked for us, and if we did not appreciate her hospitality we might hurt her feelings so that her dawning interest in the Christ we represented might be dimmed by our discourtesy. The missionary still shook her head, she could not possibly swallow it, so finally I drank both cups! Many years have elapsed, but I can remember that flavour still! If missionaries ever get medals for active minor heroism, my claim should be based on this!

Yet what did it matter? To have the privilege of preaching Jesus Christ or of showing His tenderness by deed or expression is so great an honour that a minor discomfort must not count. It was our beloved missionary, Lois Buck, who, riding home through the bazaar one hot morning, wearied from her work in the close air of the zenanas, suddenly realized that her face had fallen into lines of discomfort. In a letter to her mother describing the incident, she wrote that the realization came to her that she must not allow this. "For," said she, "my face may be all of Jesus Christ these people will ever see."

XV

THE DOLL AND HER LITTLE GIRL

THAT title is right, whether you think so or not. The American public has been much agitated lately over a book concerning the condition of little girls in India. Without entering into any controversy, we may tell the story of one little girl. She was her mother's only daughter, and there was a strong bond of affection between the two. The father had given consent for the little girl to take lessons in Tamil from the missionary. It was a delightful home to visit. The mother was sweet and gentle and the little girl particularly attractive, so the weekly lesson was greatly enjoyed, the teacher being welcomed and the lesson being well prepared.

One day, after she had known the family about a year and a half, when the missionary was admitted into the room where the mother and daughter were, instead of being met with smiles and happy greetings she found them crouched down on the floor weeping bitterly, the mother hiding her face in a corner of the wall. Their agitation was so great that for some time the missionary could not find out what was the matter. The only thing she could do was to sit down on the floor beside them and put her arm around the shaking form of the mother, trying to say some word of comfort.

Finally, the child sobbed out, " My fairy is made and is going out tonight." The missionary did not understand this, for she had always thought of fairies as charming little things with gossamer wings, with stars in their sceptres as they flitted about among the flowers, bringing good gifts to the children; therefore, why was the little girl crying and the mother manifesting such deep distress because of a *fairy?*

Finally, she quieted them down and persuaded them to show her the fairy. It was a little doll, a little over six inches long, dressed in a pretty red and yellow silk skirt with a purple scarf bordered with silver. A nice long braid of hair hung down her back and her head was decorated with beads to represent jewels, but there was a curious thing about the doll which the missionary noticed at once. The little figure with this gay clothing had no feet, no hands, no eyes, no ears and no mouth. Inquiring more particularly the reason for this, she was told that the so-called "fairy" represented an unmarried girl who, because she has no husband, has no feet, as without one she cannot go anywhere; no hands, because a woman without a husband has nothing to do; no eyes, because an unmarried woman has no one to show her anything; no mouth, because not having a husband to whom should she make requests?

THE FAIRY

Therefore, this fairy was, according to the Hindu ideas in that section of the country, what may be called an old maid. This one represented an old maid of scarcely thirteen years. The mother had made it under orders from the father. She had made it as beautiful as possible, because it was to represent her little daughter, and

she had made it with a breaking heart, because she loved her child.

When she quieted down enough to ĕxplain the situation, she said that in their caste their religious belief teaches them that if the father of a girl allows her to reach the age of thirteen without being married, he would be punished in the event of his death, by severe penalty in the other world. (Perhaps this is the reason why the recent bills introduced into the Indian legislative bodies to raise the age of marriage to fourteen, were vigorously opposed last year by certain members.)

Marriage in India is a complicated affair of caste, family rules and horoscopes and consultations with the priests, resulting often in great expense. The father had neglected to make the necessary complicated arrangements and had just come to realize that the girl would soon be thirteen years old, so he would be liable for this penalty. How could he save himself from such a predicament?

His particular caste permits this alternative. A fairy is made to represent the girl, then an old woman is hired to take the fairy out, and who buys the fairy practically buys the little girl. Even a shut-in Hindu woman knows that the best kind of marriages are not made that way. The man found might be two or three times the age of the girl. He might be a man with several other wives, or one far gone with contagious disease. The thought of giving her child into the custody of an absolute stranger is hard enough for these women, although when done according to their dignified uses and ceremonials there is some comfort; but this permitted custom carries no honor and involves terrible risk for the happiness of the child. No wonder the mother and daughter were in such agony and distress, and that the missionary sat and cried with them. A little girl is so precious!

Finally the missionary said, " I cannot have this happen. Let me take the fairy home with me and I will ask my God to save you from this fate." At first the woman was terrified to think of disobeying her husband's order, but she was finally persuaded to pass over the little doll to the missionary, who inquired at what time the father was expected home, promising that at that time she and her associates would gather and pray to the Christian God for a softening of the father's resolution. So at the appointed hour in the mission house the workers gathered together, seven Christian women who loved the girls of India. Placing the little doll on the table before them as on an altar, every one of them prayed out loud for this little girl, whose chance for an education, for learning Christian truth, and for happiness was so threatened.

Do you believe in prayer? Those missionaries did. They prayed in faith that God would soften the heart of the father, would prevent him from being too severe, and that some other path might be found out of the emergency. They afterwards learned that when he came home that night he was very angry, as it is not considered lucky to make a second fairy, but not long afterwards he was able to make a suitable marriage for his little daughter.

We, as foreigners, can do practically nothing in criticizing such practices, but we can help to train the girls of India for Christian leadership, and they can speak out against the customs which wrong childhood and womanhood, but which we, as outsiders, are not able to touch.

XVI

THE THREEFOLD CORD OF THE BRAHMIN

ONLY a little dusty looking bit of string. You would probably reject it as hardly strong enough to tie up a package, but if you were a Hindu and saw a man wearing this string across his chest, and you were low-caste, you would step off to the side of the road in order that your shadow even might not contaminate this high-caste, proud Brahmin. It is the sign of the highest aristocracy on earth, which cannot be attained unto, which cannot be bought by money or any other price. They are the thrice-born, these men, and they have the right to look down on all of the lower castes, and naturally on the Christian.

In the beginning, this question of caste was not an evil. It was meant to be a social system in which every man should have his particular occupation; but it has come to be a slavery which has kept India back and which hinders social advance, and it has to be reckoned with in government planning, as well as in all social affairs. One must recognize that the Brahmins of India are nearer the pure Aryan than the lower castes who have mixed more with aboriginal tribes, and also in their zenanas one finds the women fairer and more beautiful, with fine clear-cut features and exquisitely graceful bodies. There is a certain pride in their position which gives the men a certain advantage—all this we may concede.

All the more wonderful, then, is it when one of these high-born people gets courage enough to come out from this close association of caste and this pride of birth to accept the Christian faith which makes them acknowledge that since all are children of the one Father all are brethren, and must be so treated. Will the story of one help you to see how much

these people give up and how great a trial it is through which they must pass? The word "boycott" does not begin to express the isolation in which they must live when their friends, even their families, forsake them, and they must associate with those whom they have always considered inferior, and who, in the sense of opportunity, are sometimes inferior.

The Threefold Cord of the Brahmin

A certain young Brahmin had become convinced of the truth of Christianity, but it was a long time before he could make the sacrifice which confession and baptism would necessitate. However, the new life that he found in Christ finally gave him courage, and he took this step which forever cut him off from his caste. He had talked with his wife during the months of his indecision and she had come to believe as he did, but when he was baptized they shut her away from him. There was a deep affection between the two young people, and this was a terrible trial. Finally, in some way she made her escape and came to her husband. Though accepting Christ, she had not considered that she would have to accept a mode of living which would allow strange men to look at her

face, which to a woman brought up in a high-caste zenana was a terrifying thing. It seemed impossible for her to get up her courage, till finally one night we succeeded in getting her to come to a little social affair in the home of a missionary where the only men present would be Americans and one or two pastors who, being, as she could call them—priests—might not be counted as ordinary men; but the poor thing was so terrified that when her husband brought her in closely veiled she immediately ran to a corner of the room and put her head down, shaking meanwhile like a leaf in her terror. We gathered around her and talked with her with the utmost sympathy in our hearts, and who shall dare to criticize her for dreading to go outside of all the conventions and safeguards with which she had been surrounded? Never, except in the case of a little frightened deer, have I witnessed such agony or terror. The evening was nearly over before she could muster her courage and turn around with unveiled face in that mixed company.

If we have felt we are taking much to these people of India and that they should be grateful for what we bring, may we not remember that while we have the pearl of great price to offer, in accepting that truth they must give up many things which have been their treasures. Surely our sympathy should be greater than it ever has been for those who hold the name of Christ in such conspicuous positions that their suffering is not only that of loss of friends and money, but a nerve strain because of the shattering of old traditions. They must love Christ very much to be willing to break the threefold cord of the Brahmin!

XVII

FOOTSTEPS

AT the birthplace of Krishna, at Brindaban, the Hindu priests sell what they call the footprints of Krishna. Some of them are of marble, most of them of iron, these last being used to stamp designs of the god's feet on fabrics or paper. The footsteps of Krishna, the popular god of North India, on what path do they lead? For instance, down to the river bank, where there are places for the men to bathe in the waters of the sacred river, while other sections are set apart for the women, and in these no man must intrude, but Krishna, being a god, may go. He finds a number of women in the water performing the ceremonial rites for bathing in the sacred river. Their bright-coloured garments are strewn on the bushes around. Krishna steals the garments and hangs them up high in the branches of a tree, where, perched among the branches, he laughs in derision at the plight of the women below.

Also, the stories represent Krishna as going to the place where the dairymaids have stored the butter, which must be made fresh every night for the morning market. A popular image of him represents him crawling out of a hole, carrying in his hand a big ball of butter. Naturally, the dairymaids are blamed the next morning because their toll is not complete? Again the tale is told of his popularity with the women, and it is stated that in one incarnation sixteen thousand wives were at his service.

Then here is the footprint of Mahommed. On a marble slab fifteen inches long is the imprint of a great foot, and one is assured that the mark was made by the foot of the Prophet just as he ascended to heaven. Where did his

footsteps lead? Through the gateway of conquest to a forcing of the acceptance of Islam upon the conquered people? To the door of zenana, behind which the women must be shut away; to the seat of law where he decrees that men may have four wives at a time and change them at his own whim by unlimited divorce? His footsteps lead to the slave market, and to the subjugation of the peoples

FOOTPRINTS OF KRISHNA

of North Africa, once Christian, now many of them ignorant, fanatical Moslems. His footsteps lead into Europe, where a conquest for Islam in the name of the Prophet was only arrested by the valor of Charles Martel —" the hammer of God."

Let us not fail to invite the children of the world to follow the footsteps of the One who went about doing good.

Those which lead to tender ministry to the suffering, those which lead to the house of the Father, and on whose business they went forth. Those which by the lake lead in friendly conference with the disciples, and to the boat where, resting Himself, He taught them lessons of faith and trust in His Father's goodness. The footsteps that lead to Calvary as a sacrifice for many; the footsteps which lead to Emmaus, where He revealed Himself as the Risen Lord; the footsteps which, coming out of the tomb, led into the garden, where His voice was heard in tenderness, saying, " Mary."

XVIII

FETTERS

IT is a little iron ring, precisely two and one-eighth inches in diameter, and it is one of our precious treasures, a treasure with a heartache, and this is the story: She was a bright-eyed, laughing little child of about seven; as she sat on the floor before me she was jingling her little bracelets—such numbers of them—enough almost to conceal the whole arm from wrist to elbow; bright glass with glints of gold and silver, they were, such charming playthings and she was so proud of them—and the whole family so proud of their little bride for whose betrothal ceremony she had been thus gaily decked. It had been a happy ceremony with lots of good things to eat, and such pretty saris on the women and so much rejoicing—quite a festival indeed! But as the child held up her jingling bracelets for me to admire, in between the sparkling colors I saw the iron ring,—just a little circlet of metal hardly noticeable, and to the child it made no difference, nor had the ceremony made any difference. She was only seven!

But out from the sunny courtyard where we sat, my thought went out to a house nearby where I had seen a little girl with one bracelet, and it was the iron one. After her betrothal day when the pretty jingling ornaments had been put on, and this iron ring, there had come another sad day to the house when the news of the death of the man to whom

The Marriage Bracelet

she was bound for life by this ceremony, had come with its blighting effect. All the pretty rings and the bright ornaments had been taken from the child,—no longer did she wear a bright-hued sari nor were there flowers in her hair; nothing remained but the dull colorless dress of a little widow and the iron circlet which must never be removed. It would be stretched with the growth of the child, but she

must never be freed from its bondage; it was the little Bengali widow's badge which no passing of the years would remove. And so she sat apart, not permitted to join the family circle, like a thing unclean, accursed with the reproaches of her people upon her, " What did you do in a former transmigration that has caused you to merit the punishment of widowhood? "

A friend of mine told recently of going into a home where there was a little girl of six, of seeing her in her lovely betrothal robes and decked out with the family jewels. Out in the courtyard stood a man of sixty, and when my friend inquired who was this stranger in the court of the zenana, the mother replied, " That is the bridegroom." And to my friend's horror-stricken question, " You are not going to give your little girl to that old man, are you? " the woman could only shrug her shoulders and say, " What can we women do? "

Some months later, my friend went again to that home, and as the women crowded around her to see her pictures and hear her stories she missed the little girl. When she inquired about her, the reply was, " Oh, she is a widow! " On further inquiry it developed that she was in the house, but shut away in a room by herself. My friend begged the privilege of seeing her, which was finally granted, and she was taken to the door of a dark room, so dark that she had to stand a few moments in the doorway to accustom her eyes to the dim light before she could discover the figure of the little child on the floor in a corner, sobbing bitterly.

Another picture comes to my mind of a beautiful home in Madras, where custom does not forbid the women from going out occasionally. The man who owned this fine home had the habit on fine afternoons of taking the women of the family out, in closed carriages to be sure, down to the sea wall, but there was one left at home, not included in

the family party which was enjoying the fresh air and the beauty of the waves and the exhilaration of the change,—one left in the house—the little widow of fourteen. She was an exquisitely formed child with the most beautiful black ringlets I had ever seen, glossy, soft and lovely, hanging almost to her waist, but she had no gay clothes nor jewels—wore the garb of the widow, and as we talked with her in the few precious moments for which she might be out of her cell during her father's absence, we learned that during the four years of her widowhood her father had never looked on her face nor spoken one word to the child. The curse of the widow might harm him, therefore she was shut into this room alone all the time he was in the house; it was only his absence which permitted her to venture into the living quarters of the home. On my inquiring how it was that she had been permitted to keep her long hair, she replied that she had objected so strenuously at first that they had allowed it to be uncut, but now they were going to call the barber and have her head shaven, compelling her to accept this decision by refusing her the needed materials for keeping her hair clean, and with the exquisite daintiness of the Brahmin woman she could not endure to be anything but immaculate.

Four years of widowhood—living on one meal a day, and that of rice, slowly dying of malnutrition—truly "the accursed one."

Our hearts were touched by her condition. A prisoner for life at ten, and realizing at fourteen the hopelessness of the years beyond—that nothing could be done. When we were leaving, my friend asked the privilege of kissing her good-bye, but the woman, who was her duenna or keeper, shook her finger in solemn protest, warning us that it could not be permitted—she was a widow!

And when, later, I saw the widows, two thousand of them,

it was said, in Brindaban, the Holy City which is the birthplace of Krishna, I wondered which was worse, the imprisonment in the home or the life service in the temples. The young girls had a dazed look in their eyes and on the faces of the older women an expression of hopelessness beyond description.

And we can do so little, but the daughters of India, to whom we give a chance and a Christian education, will some day break the iron fetter that is on the wrists of the child-widows, and set these children free for normal, happy, useful lives.

XIX

TWO DATES

IT was in March, 1868, that a proclamation went out from a government which many consider to be the strongest on earth. Without doubt it has endured longer than any other government, its reigning house going back beyond recorded history. It was not the first time that a proclamation had been issued on the same topic, on the contrary, for three hundred years similar edicts had been set upon the highways of Japan. It is especially sad to think that these centuries were lost in the Christian progress of the world; lost because of the failure of the Roman Catholic Church to keep to its spiritual task. When they first reached the shores of Japan the Christian messengers were welcomed and many accepted the new faith. There was no opposition, until certain priests attempted to interfere in political matters. Then the government arose in its wrath and banished Christianity from the empire. Like sign-posts on the highways the edicts were set up absolutely prohibit-

ing Christianity, sometimes even carrying bitter words against the God of the Christians.

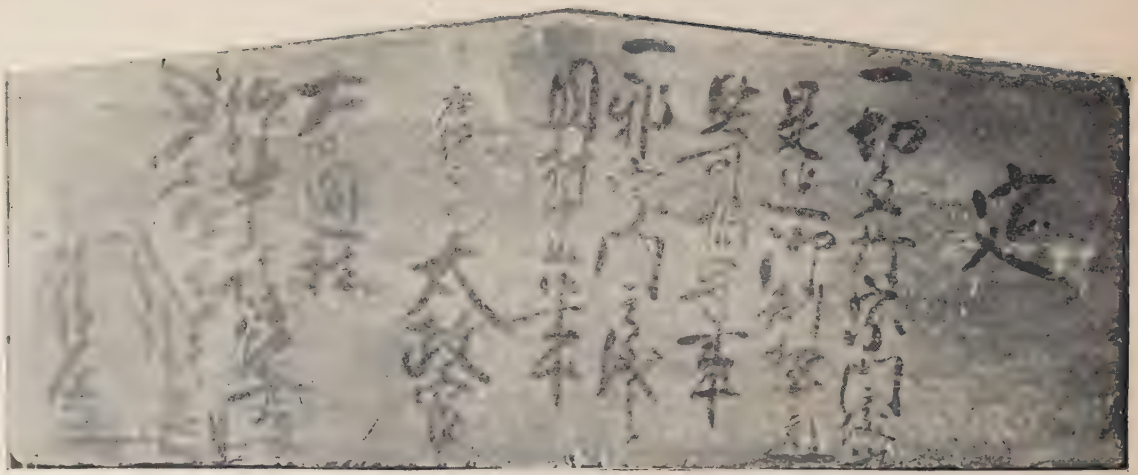
This particular board pictured here was set up in 1868, in the month of March, on one of the great highways. It states very distinctly:

ORDER
As hitherto the Christian Religion is strictly forbidden!
The corrupt Religion is strictly forbidden!!
Third month Fourth year Kyo.
Council of State.
The above Edict must be strictly observed!
Nagoya-ken.

Just one year later, in March, 1869, eight women gathered in a little room in a church in Boston. Not one of these women had wealth or political power, yet on that day they adopted a resolution to begin an organization with the aim of taking the Gospel to the women of the Orient, thus virtually deciding to defy the Edict of one of the strongest governments on earth.

Could they do it, did they do it? They could, and they did! And in the course of one normal human lifetime, sixty years, this Society has carried the gospel to thousands upon thousands of women of the Orient and has established great schools for girls in the Island Empire. It was a wonderful day when the Empress of Japan came in person to the school in Tokyo, one of the institutions established by this organization whose humble birth we have just mentioned, to express the appreciation of his Majesty the Emperor of Japan of the work our Christian girls had done in relieving the suffering following the terrible earthquake and fire.

The order against Christianity was rescinded in 1872, so this board pictured here was probably one of the last of



The Edict Which Stood on One of Japan's Highways Prohibiting the Entrance of Christianity

such proclamations placed upon the highways of Japan. By a strange providence it has been brought across the ocean and a continent, and now hangs in the very room where those eight women sat in 1869, determined to obey the command of God, whether they knew the way, or whether they had the resources or not, that they would in the strength of God venture forth with news of good will unto men—and unto women.

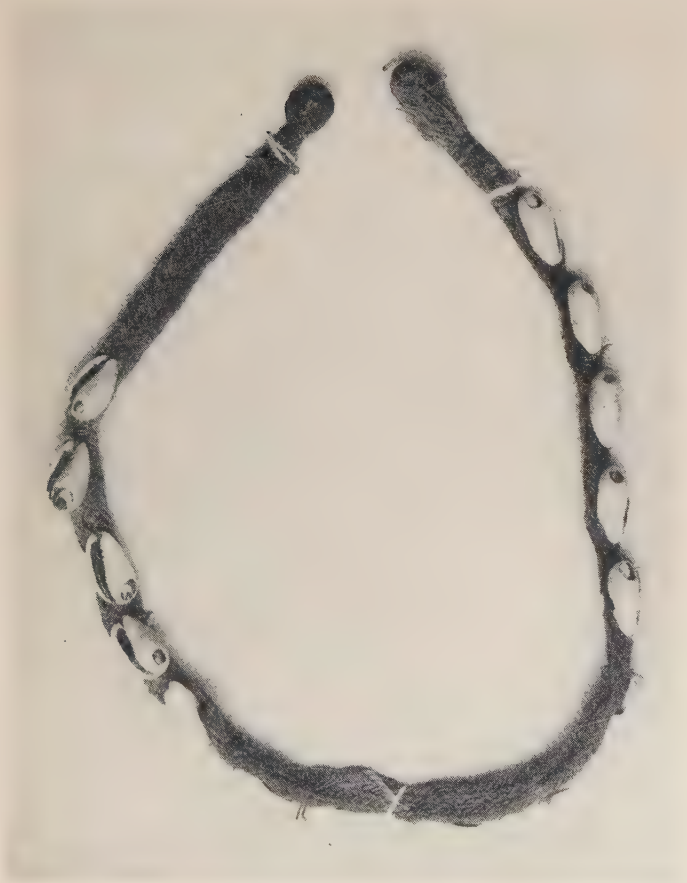
The opportunity afforded Americans by the great need which came to Japan after the terrible earthquake to show true Christian fellowship was fully appreciated. Said Dr. S. Horiye, a well known Japanese jurist: "The response of Americans to the sufferings caused by our earthquake overwhelms us, the contributions kindle a gratitude more significant to the relations between Japan and America than anything since your Commodore Perry came to our shores. From the 'black ships' of Perry, veritable destroyers, as our fathers first considered them, to your destroyers of today, rushing into Yokohama Harbour with food and clothing for our refugees—what a step is there in American Japanese relations."

It was Christian young people in Japan who sent to us the motto which has been such an inspiration to the standard-bearers—"Make Jesus King!" Loyalty to such a call will be a bond of unity for the whole world.

XX

THE NECKLACE OF THE TEMPLE-CHILD

A JAPANESE visitor has said that every American woman goes around with a string of beads around her neck. This may be nearly true, if not quite, but no



Necklace of a Little Temple Girl

American woman wears a necklace like this one. Of all lands in the world, it is only in India that such a decoration can be seen. It is a cheap little thing, just a few shells tied on a string, but it was put around the neck of a little child about five years old, and it was done solemnly in the temple, and the father paid fifty rupees to the temple for the ceremony. By this ceremony the child was dedicated to the service of the gods, and that meant that she would go to the temple and be one of the brides of the idol and give her life as a sacred "Devadasi." "The Servant of the Gods" is her name from henceforth. She is five years old and this is the life before her.

No, in no other land on earth is there such a necklace, and those who know India rejoice in the proclamation of the Maharajah of Mysore that these little girls should no longer be dedicated to the service of the temples. All honor to Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddy, who in 1928 also fought the fight against this custom in her province and won.

We believe that the day is coming when there will be no more Devadasis in the temples of India, but a reasonable service, holy and acceptable unto God.

XXI

TO WHOM DOES SHE BELONG?

THERE is a wonderful city in India which is the reputed birthplace of Krishna, the popular idol worshipped as the incarnation of Vishnu. Brindaban, on the Jumna River, is a shrine city full of temples, the river bank being lined with magnificent structures. In these temples are thousands of widows, the number being stated as over two thousand at my last visit. Some of these are young and

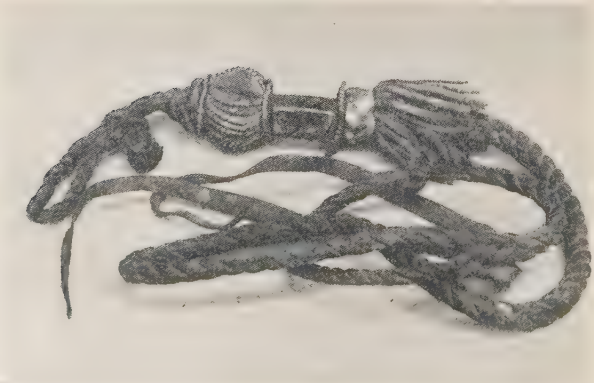
some old. The older ones have sad faces and emaciated bodies, for they live on the one meal a day served out to them at a certain temple. It would not seem to be a ration on which a human being could live in health, but above the emaciation of body is the heart hunger which looks out of their tragic eyes. No Christian woman can visit Brindaban without acquiring a heartache. Yet there are beautiful things to be seen in that city. The river bank is fascinating, especially at night, when the river is worshipped by fire and the great temples are outlined with little tapers it is one of the most picturesque spots in India.

Brindaban is a great place for pilgrimages. They come there from far-away Burmah. It made one's heart sad to see a pilgrim from that land trying to worship aright, bathing in the water of the Jumna and then painstakingly leaning over to dip up some of the sacred stream and pour it over the feet of the young priest who was helping him in his worship, though they had no common language. One questioned whether he would get anything that would lighten his heart as he would walk, barefooted, the hundreds and hundreds of miles back to his native town.

However, the older people have at least lived their lives, but the little children, the bonnie lassies that one saw in all the temples—such satin smooth skin, such sparkling eyes and glossy hair, but oh, the pity of it! They were not with father or mother, they had no homes, they belonged to the temples.

Here is a sandal of one of these little temple girls, the servant of Krishna. It measures just six and one-half inches in length. What was the age of your little girl when her shoe was only six and a half inches? And below it is the whip, gaily decorated, also from the temple, used by the priests to keep the little girls in order! These tiny little footsteps, are they being guided in the right way?

Shoe of Little Child in a Temple



Priests' Whip

What is the future for these darling little children who are servants of Krishna?

When will India awaken to the fact that religion, pure and undefiled, demands justice to childhood, a cleansing of the temples and the entrance of Him who is the Light of the world?

XXII

ON THE RIVER BANK

IT was a charming scene as we rode up and down the river with the right bank crowded with magnificent shrines before which the gaily-hued crowds were passing up and down the steps with their offerings to the river. One of the most picturesque spots in all India is that river-side with its hoary temples, and its newer ones in honor of Krishna, who is the "Divine Flute-Player," who plays the tune of the infinite that lures every Hindu heart away from mortal cares. As the sun sets behind the temple roofs the scene became like a fairyland, lines of light shot out here and there,—some of the arches were outlined with sparks of fire. Finally, on the steps of the chief shrine a curtain was thrown aside and there on the platform was a priest holding a candlestick, with many lights ablaze, and the people rushed up to it to get with their little tapers a tiny spark of the sacred fire. One poor woman had no taper, but in her arms was a little child, sick, perhaps afflicted in some way; she could not lift the child up to touch the light itself, so she put up her hand and touched the flame and then rubbed the forehead of her little babe,—faith and desperation mingled in her expression. Pitiful! One could not criticize, only sympathize.

THE RAFT ON THE JUMNA RIVER

Down at the water's edge the people feeding the turtles and the fishes, throwing grain into the river, in order that sacred life might be nourished, while the conditions of their own bodies indicated lack of food in sufficient quantity; but saddest of all were the people at the river brink setting their little rafts, made of reeds, on which they put two or three little lights and then pushed them out until they were caught by the current and went down the river into the darkness of the night. Perhaps for three minutes we could see the little lights on these rafts and then they were swallowed up in the blackness. A friend of mine stood by a man who was preparing these little rafts, and he said to him with the gentleness which seems to be the gift of the true missionary: " Brother, for whom are you setting the little raft in the river? "

" This is for the soul of my little boy who has died," the man replied as he pushed it out into the stream and watched it as the current gradually carried it away.

" Brother, for whom are you preparing that larger one? " the missionary asked.

" This is for the soul of my father who has died," was the answer the man gave as he prepared the little lamps and lit the wicks and sent the little dots of light out into the current.

" Brother, for whom is this *other* raft? " the missionary sympathetically asked again. It was a larger one and had more lights on it.

The man hesitated a moment; then, as he set the little wicks alight he said, earnestly, " This is for my own soul, Sahib, for you know it is a dark thing to die."

It *is* a dark thing to die; death is the valley of the shadow for any heart, but these earnest seeking souls in India are without the knowledge of the rod and the staff to sustain and of the light from the cross, and of the power of Christ's

resurrection. And so tonight and tomorrow night and for the nights to come, they will go on trying to pierce the darkness with the feeble little wick on the raft as it sails down into the blackness of the night in the river.

XXIII

THE CREATOR

WE have a beautiful image carved out of finest marble, carved undoubtedly by a master craftsman. It represents the Hindu idea of Brahma, the creator. The image is nobly fashioned, with its four faces and its four hands, and below the lotus flower, and the goose which is the symbol of his servant. In one hand this image held a copy of the Vedas, in another it may be seen that he has a rosary, and in in still another a jar, out of which he will pour the sacred water. One would like to know the history of this image, and we truly wonder how many have bowed before it in adoration. The Hindu Triad or trinity is composed of Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Shiva the Destroyer. Through northern India there seem to be more millions who worship Vishnu, while in the southern part of the peninsula there are more who are dedicated in loyalty to Shiva. Multitudes throng the temples where the images of these deities in various manifestations are worshiped. The people come together in hundreds of thousands, and in some great festivals a million or more will gather at some special shrine of these gods. It is deeply impressive to see the vast hosts in their Melas on the banks of the sacred river or at some temple of special fame. But in all India I found only three temples dedicated to the worship of Brahma, and these were almost empty. An es-

Brahma—The Creator

pecially beautiful one was in Rajputaña, exquisite in its carvings of white marble, executed in the finest style of Hindu architecture, but there were very few worshipers present on the day of my visit. The matter excited curiosity and I began to inquire the reason for this apparent indifference to the Creator, the Supreme Being? People did not seem to know. Finally I met an educated man of high standing and put the question directly. "We consider the Brahma finished his work when he created us," was the answer.

It was a cold, deadly answer to my mind as contrasted with the Christian ideal of the Creator, who condescends to call Himself our Father, of whom we may believe that He pities His children, that He is longsuffering and finally that He so loved us that He gave His own begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him shall have everlasting life!

Oh, Brahma, as your four faces look to all points of the compass, are we to think that you have no sympathy for the beings you have created? Have you left them to others, have you left them to struggle alone without any of your love and care?

XXIV

THE UNIVERSAL LONGING

THIS image of Buddha came to us from China, round by way of Mexico. Its especial value lies in the fact that it is another evidence of the longing of the human heart for a perfect leader. The legend, as the common people gave it to us, was that Buddha has come to earth in two incarnations, but truly the world is not yet right and he must manifest himself again. The one with a smiling face

is called Mi-lei Pusa, and he is said to be now a resident in one of the Heavenly Kingdoms and that he is destined to come to earth in some period in the more or less distant future. His image is placed facing the outer doorway of the Buddhist temple. Foreigners have given this image the name of Laughing Buddha. His image is not placed in the inner sanctuary because he belongs to the future and not to the present. The smiling expression on his face is because he is full of the glad tidings of the perfection which is to come. Therefore some foreigners call him the Buddha Messiah.

In this high ideal of the new Buddha there is an image of the life of Christ which makes one wonder if something of the story of His unselfish life reached China through tradition and has been translated into a Buddhist hope. He is not to come into his perfect blessedness as long as there remains on earth any being in misery or pain. He is the succorer of all who stand in need of aid. He is willing to be sacrificed for others, even to go through many rebirths if thereby he may save others. Some writers will even credit him with the willingness to commit sin and accept the inevitable punishment if by such act he could mitigate the sufferings of others. He is credited with this declaration: "It matters little if I am condemned to hell, if only I may save this sinner or assuage the misery of that suffering soul. I wish to be food for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, a soother of all the sorrows of all creatures, a balm to the sick, their healer and servitor until sickness comes never again. My own being and my pleasures, all my righteousness in the past, present and future I surrender indifferently that all creatures may win to their end."

In studying the life of Buddha one must acknowledge freely the beautiful ideal of sacrifice and surrender which he sets before us. Like Paul, who was even willing to be

The Three Buddhas

cast away for the sake of Israel. True religion of his kind is a powerful thing to bring out the best in human character, but in Buddhism there is an entire lack of the glorious hope which comes to us through the power of the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

XXV

GUILTY!

IT was at the close of an extended tour through India during which we had seen the famous temples of the south, the great shrine of Kali, the immense structures on the banks of the Ganges at Benares, the underground temple at Allahabad and many other famous shrines, that we drove one hot morning up to the entrance of the court of a temple at Sambhal. We had been told that it was a famous shrine in this old Throne City of the Hindu Empire, overthrown a thousand years before by the invasion of the Moguls. The glory of the kingdom fell before them, but the sanctity of the temple was undimmed. There in the centre of the city on a high rock which dominated the landscape was the sacred place which we had come so far to see.

But to our surprise the way was barred. We were informed that we could not enter, and on inquiring the reason were told that it was too holy a place for the foot of Christians to tread its stones. After coming so far we were inclined to argue the matter a bit, and told the priest of all the temples we had visited and that none had been barred to us, but still he declined to allow us to enter. Pressed for a reason, he explained that this was the temple of the Great Expectation. This did not convey any idea to our minds

until finally he told the reason for the peculiar sanctity of the shrine, saying that the god Vishnu had come to earth nine times, and that each incarnation had been a failure, but that he was to come once more, and this last birth was to be the "Sinless Incarnation," and for this coming there were prayers being offered day and night through the years and through the centuries, for he was to come within the confines of that temple, and he would be a perfect example for men to follow,—so in courteous but firm terms he denied us entrance into the sanctity of the temple of the "Great Expectation."

There was nothing to be done but retire. I stood for a few moments aghast! Here earnest hearts were praying in this temple, day and night, year after year, century after century, for the coming of the Sinless Incarnation, and we, who knew that the Sinless One had come in Bethlehem and that a perfect example had been given to men two thousand years ago, had never told them!

I felt ashamed of the little effort that I had made to tell the wonderful story; of the slowness with which my church had gone forth on its errand of proclaiming the good news; for my Christianity that it had not made known the coming of the Dayspring from on high to every creature, as commanded by our Lord.

Have we been guilty of neglect? Have we been indifferent? Have we failed as messengers? Are we GUILTY?

XXVI

THE PLAGUE-CART

ANY boy of ten could make a better one if he had a sharp jack-knife and a bit of pine board. It is very rudely whittled, just a little platform with four uprights, and on these a bit of a woman's dress as a canopy. You would pass it by as a very rudely fashioned toy, but not so a Hindu, for on the rough board he would see the mark which changed the rough cart into the chariot of the goddess of plague.

That dread disease was sweeping India that winter. They were dying fifty thousand, sixty thousand, seventy thousand and finally ninety thousand a week, and men's hearts were filled with terror. The Government sent out proclamations telling the people what to do, to whitewash their homes, to kill the plague rats which carried the contagion, to come for inoculation; but how could they believe this new teaching so against the customs of their ancestors? No indeed, they must turn to the village priest with their prayers and their offerings, and so he made the cart and hung on one upright a woman's bangle and on another a little bottle of perfumed hair oil, and then he prayed the goddess to take a ride, and that night, gathering all the forces of his village behind him, he dragged the little cart on which the dread goddess was supposed to be seated, out on the narrow path between the villages until they reached the confines of the next little hamlet. Everyone of the followers had been making as much noise as possible, in order to keep the goddess entertained. Old tin oil-cans, brass cooking utensils, sticks and stones, all combined to make a horrid din.

As soon as the noisy procession reached the border of the

next village, the priest invited the goddess to take up her abode there, and he and his flock rushed back to their houses and shut themselves in from the terror that flies by night. Meanwhile the inhabitants of the favoured village had heard the noise, and they were filled with terror so, when daylight came and they found the plague-cart, they turned in agony of fear to their priest, and that night, with many incantations, he summoned a procession and escorted the goddess to some other village, where the same process would be repeated, spreading greatly the panic and the danger of contagion.

As I tried to sleep on the hospital veranda, the noise of this procession would come up night after night from the surrounding villages. One's heart was torn with pity at such ignorance and superstition. It seemed if I could only get hold of the cart and stop these proceedings it might help matters, but nobody save the priest would dare to touch it, for was not the goddess supposed to be seated thereon? However, one of our Christian men agreed to bring me one, and it is in our museum, and side by side with it, there are two pathetic little bags of straw, roughly fashioned to represent horses, and these are the things to which the Moslems in the vicinity have turned as a safeguard from the plague. They are supposed to represent the horses of Hussein and Hassan. One can see the effect of the gripping hand of fear on the hearts of the Moslems that they should disobey the particular command of the prophet against making images. The nights were filled with terror and the land with mourning.

And against this one place the picture of two missionaries. The plague had been particularly bad in a certain city, and the Government, believing that they had discovered a serum which would protect the people, called them to come and be inoculated, but they would not come, even

though the service was rendered freely. A few government employees came, but the masses stayed away. Finally, the official in charge turned to the missionary and asked if he could help in the matter. The next day this devoted man went down with the members of his flock and stood in line for inoculation. Ahead of him were some dirty, emaciated beggars, filthy folk. When Dr. Hoskins came in front of the physician who was doing the inoculation, he said, "Wait a moment and I will open a new vial for you." "No, indeed," the missionary replied, "you must put serum into my arm from the very same vial you have used on the poor beggar-man."

The story of the missionary's action went through the bazaar. If he would accept inoculation, from the very same bottle used for the poor, it must be that it was not so dreadful as they had supposed, and the deadlock was broken. The other missionary's story is similar. The first year of the epidemic he went down and was inoculated with the men of the Theological Seminary and their families. For some strange reason, his arm became infected and he was desperately ill, running the risk of losing his arm. It was months later before he recovered. Yet, two years later, when the epidemic flamed up again, I chanced to be a guest in his home, and what he told me illustrates the difficulty of controlling an epidemic in an ignorant, superstitious population. One morning, as he went down through the bazaar to visit the homes of the people, for he was a physician, he saw a plague rat. These vermin are easily recognized, for in their delirium and torment they come out of their holes and whirl around and round on their hind feet. The doctor called out to the people, "Kill that rat and put it under," but when he returned, two hours later, the dead rat lay there where it had fallen, the fleas meanwhile leaving its cold body and carrying the contagion to

the people who passed by. How could an orthodox Hindu kill a rat? The soul of one of his ancestors might be in a transmigration inhabiting that body. He could not commit the sin of killing it, and then his caste was too high for him even to dispose of the dead body.

The afternoon of that day, theological students and their families and the children of the orphanage of Bareilly were to be inoculated, so I went down to see the sight. It is not a pleasant one. A syringe about eight inches long is used, and considerable force has to be exerted to make the fluid enter the arm. Strong men keeled over in a faint, and one could hardly wonder. To my surprise, this physician, who two years before had had such a terrible experience, stepped forward to accept the inoculation. I pled with him not to run the risk, and while he knew and I was sure that it was not necessary, he said he must do it for the sake of his example before the Christian community!

And then I come back to the United States, and here, in this clean, safe and comparatively sensible country, I find people sitting in comfortable office chairs writing about the easy life of the missionary, and saying that there is little sacrifice today! And I look at the plague-cart and wonder, and wonder!

XXVII

THE CHURCH PENNANT

THERE is only one flag which ever flies above the Stars and Stripes on the ships of the American navy. No matter what distinguished representative may be visiting us, the flag of his nation cannot be higher on the staff than Old Glory,—with one exception. On Sunday morning the Church Pennant, a white triangle with a blue cross, goes up above the flag of the United States. It is a beautiful recognition of the Christian foundation of our republic. We should be very wary of any attempt to take off this sign of our recognition of God as the supreme ruler.

It chanced that the chaplain who was with Admiral Dewey on July 4, 1898, was telling this story, and Clara Cushman, a missionary on furlough from China, who was organizing bands of young people for foreign missionary work, happened to hear the tale. Her imagination was fired by this ideal, that the flag with the cross of Jesus Christ went above our national emblem, and she longed for the time to come when it should go above the flags of all the nations of the world. She was organizing the young people under the name of Standard Bearers, and it seemed to her that this banner would be such a fitting emblem for them to have for their societies; so she made application to the Secretary of the Navy, inquiring whether there was any reason why it could not be so used, and received his written permission to adopt it as the emblem of the Standard Bearers.

The old pennant was discarded as the ship was outfitted with a new set of flags, but permission was given for it to be presented to Miss Cushman, and it is now the property of the Missionary Museum. Though very much worn and

THE STANDARD BEARER PENNANT

discoloured, its work is not over. It goes from convention to convention, inspiring the young people in this country with something that is higher than mere American patriotism—with an enthusiasm to make young people of the whole world as free and as blest as they are in the liberty wherewith Christ has set them free. The picture shows Miss Cushman at the door of the mission-house in Tientsin, China, with the precious flag.

There are in the United States at present about sixty thousand members of this organization. They support eighty women on the field under the title of Standard Bearer Missionaries, and in other lands there are many young people who have adopted this emblem and who have taken as their life motto, " Make Jesus King."

A little ritual was prepared for which the motto was, " Make Jesus King," and the watchwords, " Love—Loyalty —Victory."

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